THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1472.

Original Poetry.

HYMN.

Written for the Consecration of a Rural Cemetery.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. HOBART TAPPAN, M. D.

"The dead of Christ"! how soft they sleep,
Freed from this weary night of sorrow;
Till the resurrection morn
Bid eyelids open on the view.

Clothed with a calm, celestial grace
Their pride shines light the lowering tomb,
They rose and sang in perfect day,
Unpolluted with the material bloom.

This their, oh, God! our dedicate
No earthly lease to the premise;
Not ours, in mortal confidence,
A song or triumph here to raise;

But where, in lovely beauty flung
On budding flower and leafy tree,
Nature hath decked the place of graves,
Hath made it consecrate to Thee—

We come—oh! Thou, whose promise sure,
A comforter was the knell appears,
That they who in the end endure
Shall reap it—by which seems, at least,

To hold no reservation to Thee,
That grave seems sleep the quiet land,
Consecrate into the Second Thou
Consecrate into the holy dead.

Thy comfort, now, Thy indwelling power,
Let the sad mourner's heart receive,
To whom the mortal changes reveal
And death shall vanish from his God.

Lead us Immanuel's righteousness,
The cross and the ensanguined dart—
Be ours, when death in victory shall wend,
The resurrection of the just.

Walnut St., 8 mo. 1849.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA C. EMBURY, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LOVE LOCK.

She is not such as the dear disciple that fell
From the lips of the sweet counsel pure,
But then when once she hath learned to love
Can I say that our master does not
Maidenize.

Our dear Sophie, with her quiet adaptiveness, had easily and gracefully passed from under the influence of one set of circumstances to those of her individuality. Her country, every-day dress of linsey stuff, was now changed for a brown silk, that would have done credit to a lady of taste, and her muslin collar for one of finer lace. Her hair, instead of being braided in two tight tails, with a neat braid behind her head, was arranged in a beautiful knot at the back of her head.

The servitude's knitting-needles had to be picked up and cast out, or in my own state room—they were a part of Sophie's wardrobe, and she could not be pleased with her fingers; they were necessary to keep time with the motion of the steamboat—and my present—only now they had taken rests and grown instead of woollen socks. This was all the more convenient, as Sophie, with the delicacy of her habit across the rather, but if you tread and eat three hours per day, you would have to work more than you were taught, her cheek lovely, and her lip fresh as an orchard and ripening, and her eye bright enough in her calm with Rosalia seated on a cushion by her side. Rosalia loved coolness and her self-possession, and Sophie was a girl who was quite lively and lovingly like a petted baby girl as she was. And Sophie could be petted by them with her golden hair flashing over her lap. Sometimes tired of quiet, Rosalia would take out her work-box or sketch book, embroidery frames or garden or pursue some of the thousand occupations by which girls contrive to make the time pass away, during the morning hours before it was time to dress for dinner. Sophie and Rosalia were devoted to the early several of the officers. They (Sophie and Rosalia) were quiet enough, yet Captain Wilkinson had a word for them, and a property to melt their a hard heart from a dream and find his happiness in the sunshine of their smiles, and Sophie was quite as much at home in the society of the officers as with Rosalia seated on the cushion by her side.—

"your health is sinking, and you will have at length to succumb to circumstances."

A message was summoned! Raymond from the room, and the two ladies were left alone.

"You, dear Hagar, be the children's make you will have to give them up."

All mothers love their children, of course; Hagar's love for her babies was fired with all the natural fierceness of her temperament; she would as soon have died as to have had them snatched from her. She answered,

"You do not know what you are talking about, Sophie; if you were a mother, you would know that children are loved and, these children are my inevitable cost, and the course I am to them, the more natural and comfortable it feels; the farther I am off from them the tighter and more painful becomes the tension. It is uneasiness one room of—misery one floor of stairs off—I know it would be agony one street off. In short, I cannot bear to be severed from them."

"You need not be severed from them; you'll be nurse to the house."

"But Raymond does not like that idea; he does not want the fuss of a nurse in the house; he wishes me to put them out."

"Then Raymond is cruel and unnatural, and he gives me to be thought of my own comfort, and Sophie; then she suddenly stopped, as though she regretted her hasty speech—a speech that Hagar instantly and intelligently took up, however.

"Sophie, it is not like you to be so very unkind and harsh. Raymond is her cruel—could not borrow so, and you know it! If he does not love these children very sincerely, yet, why he pays for them, when they are old enough to notice and respond to his love. I never did see a man who cared much about very young children, as we do. No! you must do him justice, Sophie; Raymond has very delicate and sensitive nerves; he cannot bear roughness, discord, or any other jar of the nerves that operates obtuse colour bruise. He is not like me, who have nerves and sinews strong for endurance rather than for enjoyment. He is an epicurean by constitution and temperament, and I do not know that there is any vice in that?"

"No! Do you not think that when the intelligence and cultivation of these delicate and luxurious habits are made the study and object of life, to the neglect, and perchance to the positive violation of high duties, that it is vice, and may be crime; already you see it has made him cold, and only his children's welfare, but your happiness."

"It has not!" replied Hagar, indignantly; "I have often said I did not, Sophie, that I could not see how much he makes me suffer—at least that he causes me a just reason for my suffering, because he is utterly blind in that—how can he be expected to appreciate a feeling in which he does not, as yet, participate. You must excuse my warmth, Sophie, when you exasperate me!"

Sophie smilingly excused her, as she replied,

"Forgive! I sympathise with your warm patriotism, dear Hagar; besides, to put you in a good humor I will say, I fully believe that half smothered in the down of effeminacy is a spirit of goodness that will never be wholly quenched, it you know how to get at it. Now I can, always could, elicit that good spirit. You shall see."

Hagar did not straighten like Sophie's insinuation of possessing the ability to manage her husband; it seemed to impair the prestige of dignity, by which her love had surrounded him; nevertheless she permitted her to leave the room, Sophie saying as she left,

"I am his mamma, you know, Hagar! I have a right to interfere, especially since he has honoured me with his confidence, and permitted me to love me dearly, and always did, ever since he knew me, and always will as long as we both live."

This was true; from the first moment of their acquaintance, Sophie, by her sweet temperament, disinterested affections, and quiet wisdom had gained, not an ascendency over his mind exactly, but a modified place in his heart. She sought him out, and going to work in her calm, maternal manner, arranged the difficulty.

The room occupied just now by herself and Captain Wilde was, after their departure, to be converted into a nursery, both upon account of its separation by the wide, central hall, from the apartments of Hagar and Raymond, and from its communication with the chamber of Rosalia, whose fear of sleeping alone, and whose love for the near neighborhood of the children and their nurse, combined to make the arrangement agreeable to her, as well as to others.

The visitors remained a week after this. Gusty May had kept so close to his little lady-love, in view of the impending separation, as to give others little opportunity of cultivating her friendship. And as Rosalia was strongly attracted to the babies, and as Gusty was as strongly attracted to Rosalia, much of the time was passed in Hagar's drawing-room.

Two should have seen them there in their innocent affection and familiarity, blending child-like frolic with dignity, and childish solicitude in their care of Hagar's children. There Gusty would sit with Agnes across his knee, and a rich bandana shawl spread over his arm, for *how* the mother-head-cloth would entwine her cheek, chirruping to the infant, and calling himself "the Uncle Gusty;" and there Rosalia, with Agatha, whom she always would hold on her lap, because she persisted that this babe was the more delicate—yes! you should have seen her, with her beautiful Virgin Mary face, kneeling over the babe.

And Gusty again! what an old granny he *did* make of himself! Seeing the baby's fingers and toes to see if they were warm enough, or cool enough, &c., &c. One day Gusty's heart was filling with a yearning that was bubbling up to the corners of his mouth and eye, and leaking out of every crevice of his countenance. Agnes had gone to sleep in his arms—at last as he laid her in the crib, which he was covering her up, his jake overflowed as he looked at the serene little madonna before him.

"Don't you wish those were our babies, Rose?"

"Yes, I do so wish they were our babies—God bless them! they are so sweet," and Rosalia, raising her large eyes to his and looking him straight through her head, with her vague azure gaze!

Up sprung Gusty stamping and dancing about the floor and swearing—so, swearing.

"You are a baby yourself! a cross baby you are! or, a fool! or both! why don't you get mad? why don't you beat my ears? why working straight you? do you know I have been playing nursery very impudent to you?"

"Have you?"

"Oh you go to Guinea! 'have you?' Yes, I have! You don't love me, Rose—no, not a bit!"

"Do I, Gusty; don't wake the babies!"

"You now!" thunders Gusty, "I wouldn't have you to save your life." Then he came and fell into a chair, and looking at her wrinkledly, said, "See here, Rose; I won't have you! I'll court the first pretty girl I come across. Why don't you answer me? what do you say to that? I say I'll court the first pretty girl I come across."

"Will you?" said Rose, laughing.

"Yes, I will! and I'll marry her!"

"Will you?"

"Yes, I will; and I know several pretty girls—you need not think I don't! sweet girls! that would give their eyes for me! And one lives in Havana, and one at Rio, and one at Genoa, and one at Harre, and one at Marseilles, and one at Malmo, and one at Gibraltar, and one at Constantinople, besides several others! 'Come! Now! What do you think of that?"

"It is very natural they should all love you, Gusty; I am sure."

"Humph! is it? Well! I am going to court and marry one of them before I come home! What do you think of that?"

"I think that will be very nice."

"And you'll have no objection?"

"Why no, dear Gusty, how should I?"

"And you'll be very well contented?"

"Yes, dear Gusty, if you were happy; I should be so contented, and if you would move into this country and come to see us very often—for, Gusty, I should weep if you should go away to live forever!"

Up jumped Gusty again—

"Oh! my God! this—this—this—torture will be the death of me!" then suddenly he dropped down upon her right by the cradle, and with his face in her lap, spread up his arms over her shoulders, and sobbed, "oh! Rosalia—darling Rose! I would not marry a wife that you remained on earth! my pure angel! Oh, Rose, love me! love me—please love me!"

"I do love you, Gusty—as hard as ever I can."

"You don't—don't—don't!" you little fool, you don't love me a bit better than you love old Cumbo!"

"Poor old Cumbo!"

"Ah, ha! I see! you say that in the same key with which you would say 'Poor young Gusty!' if a season had passed away, and he was not married! Love me, but you don't! Oh, Lord! oh, dear! ground Gusty, getting up and shaking into choler, "oh, Lord! oh dear!"

"Are you sick, Gusty?"

"Yes, I am!"

"Wherewhere, dear Gusty? sick! I get you anything?"

"Sick at least!"

"Oh, the heart-sore!"

"Yes dear!" snapped Gusty, as mad as to make both the babies, that immediately set up a squall of alarm.

Hagar came in, broke up the conversation, and quieted the children. Hagar was concerning her good looks, she was fully persuaded with her husband. In full, so complete was their reconciliation,—so happy was she as their renewed love, that her latent jealousy withdrew itself out of sight, away down in the deep caves of her spirit, until she nearly lost consciousness of its existence. Sophie had informed her that the reconciliation of Gusty and Rosalia would take place immediately after his return, and that circumstance gave her pleasure. And the last action were thrown upon the smouldering fire of her jealousy, by her observation of the full and free manifestations of mutual admiration and affection between Captain Wilde and Rosalia, and the loving sympathy of Sophie with both. Hagar would now have made a strenuous effort to cast out the devil from her soul, but that his wily genius withdrew itself into the deeps, until a more convenient season.

The period of their visit drew to a close. Gusty and Rosalia had a long parting interview in the parlor, and the mutual admissions and vows of eternal fidelity were exchanged. The last evening came, Captain Wilde, and Gusty, the bearer of their friends, embarked on board the steamboat, and in a few days arrived at New York. In a week from their arrival at Key West they sailed from the harbor for a cruise on the Mediterranean, the vacation of the ladies recommenced. The nursery was established upon the plan arranged by Sophie, and a woman engaged to take sole charge of the children. Rosalia was a week for the loss of her friends, and then installed herself in still comfortable nursery governess to her chamber near the children. Every thing went smoothly, harmoniously, Hagar's serenity was restored—Rosalia's tears dried—Raymond's gaiety returned now, and every thing "went well" indeed!

Reader, do but look at this family; each member of which is happy in their kind and in the kind of God pleased to make them, each one, from the beautiful father to the little babe, possessed, with his elegant form, charming face, and graceful and fascinating manners, Hagar, with her queenly beauty, her splendid figure, and her tenderness, formed a group an artist at no regard would have the courage to sketch, except that the angel sentinels could not prevent the passage of the spirit of envy past their Edict. Satan, seeing to enter Paradise, took the form of a "stripling cherub," and so deceived Uriel, the Archangel of the sun—reader, you know the rest of the story, that stood before the throne of God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis Summer's farewell
In the breath of the night-wind sighing;
The tall trees bend to the mournful dirge
That wails o'er the dead and the dying.
The sapless leaves are rustling round,
On the path which they lately shaded!
The end of the year is losing its robe!
The flowers have fallen and faded.
All dim! I feel a chill creeping at my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should part.

Yet why should I sigh? Other Summers will come,
Join like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine be in blushing fruit;
Again will the lambs be singing!
The year will have lived but to "renew" again;
The rose be as sweet in its trembling;
The warbler will sing in the same leafy grove
As wild and rich in its wrowning.
The loves we have known will not die, but we will hear,
Other flowers will spring, other Summers will come.

They will, they will, but, ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
The sigh goes out with the breath of life!
To wake with the wailing or mourning.
The young may die ere the morning, beside
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The charming of youth and its gild with light
The grass on my grave-yard growing.
The earth may be piled, but none will be there
Who now love with me in the silent tomb.

And few would weep, in the heartiest world,
For the Gentian one who had left it.
Few would remember the form cut off,
And many the scythe be unfelt by.
Many might keep my name in their lip,
Pressed only that name should die.
My fellow and sons alone would live,
To them let their cold sphinxing
Oh! what a change is my spirit-dream
May there be on the summer sun next shall beam!

FANCY BALLS.

The Noah's Messenger, of New York, says:

There is some fun in a masquerade. Withcastes that the perpetrators would not have had pluck enough to utter with bare faces, or dressed sadly from behind a mask, and the amateur actor, versus the professional, appears in such a light, that the character he assumes. But take away the disguise, correct manners and dress, and you find, and the whole affair becomes as insipid as stale champagne. Harlequins, Lion-Hearted Richards, Count Jeeters, Falstaffs, Sir Giles Overreachs, Hotspurs, Dia Vernons, Bronn Girls, Ingenuousness, &c., &c., are all very well in their place of *dress*, without a word to throw at a dog,—quite chap-fallen." But the whole thing is so full of vulgarity. Even the champagne and sparkling burgundy fail to drown it. It seems so supremely ridiculous to Mr. Smith the good merchant, and to Mrs. Smith the Eighth, that Mr. ——, the tobacconist, who sells the best cigars in town, should appear as the personate Napoleon Bonaparte, that he feels ashamed of his own business—that Mrs. Jones, as Empress, finds it impossible to play her role in the presence of her next door neighbor, the butcher, who has come as Julius Cæsar, every morning chopping eggs and chickens across the counter to the public by the week, and bills the romance of the thing. However graciously the Empress may condescend to the grocer's boy, might flourish his dirkhouse, his lady customers would fancy it was the same treat he gave to the servant girls when he had one of his great bargain" at his store in Broadway. The wages of which these public servants receive, to set often with themselves up in these airy allusions, which are peculiarly the Fool's Paradise of these gentry were published by the Herald, and we credibly informed that more than twenty of the fairest young ladies in town, mingling quite familiarly with ladies and gentlemen apparently in the glasses of fashion and the mantles of form, in its noble exhibitions, fancy balls are productive of amusement altogether inconsistent with the true dignity of the ball. A Roman character, and are only less disgusting to straight-forward, practical men and rational women, than the mawkish, unconscious airs with which they are detected by a certain portion of the fashionable dupes.

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☞ Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and the sweetest singing is sadness. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets, was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

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☞ It is said that M. Perisol, professor of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, has discovered a method of preserving waters in a sweet state, by placing a small quantity, about a half of four grains, of lime in each cask of water containing two hundred and fifty litres. He has kept this water for two years, in the same bottom, and exposed them to various temperatures. At the end of that time, he found it as limpid, as clear, as pure, and of as good quality as at the beginning of the experiment.

☞ A peach, weighing a pound, was taken from the orchard of William Huddleston, Esq., on the old Washington road, and Mr. H. has been offered two dollars and fifty cents per peck, which he refused as being a very reasonable price for them.

☞ Not a single case of the cholera has occurred among the Jews of London. This is attributed to their conformity to many sanitary regulations of their own law.

☞ We have read of a Scotch Court who had his statue placed by the grave of his wife over a spring, causing the water to jet through one of the eyes, as an illustration of his continual weeping for his lost companion. This statue stands yet near Copenhagen, and is called the "Weeping Eye."

NAVAL REFORM.

A meeting in opposition to flogging and to the use of spirituous liquors in the navy, was held in this city last week.

Professor Cleveland presided, and the following gentlemen showed their approval of the anti-flogging cause, by allowing their names to be used as Vice Presidents and Secretaries:

Vice Presidents.—Isaac E. Davis, Joseph Lovering, Thomas Dyer, Jr., Dr. Jackson, Edward W. Hooper, Thomas Carruther, C. W. Wachter, J. H. Gooch, Thomas Bulfinch, Dr. Bigelow, Dr. Ware, Jr., Dr. Channing, Dr. Gannett, Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Putnam, Thomas Lamb, Richard D. Jones, Alexander Parsons, Dr. Walker, Dr. Parkman, Dr. Ware, Sr., Dr. Chandler Robbins, Charles Theodore Russell, Dr. O. Kelly, George W. Parr, Edmund Dwight, Henry S. Parker, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Wisner, Dr. Wainwright, Dr. Sharp, Dr. Beecher, Dr. Nott, Dr. Hawks, Governor Wolcott, Isaac Wingate Comstock.

Secretaries.—Samuel Downer, Charles Lowell, Henry Earle, Alexander Bradshaw, Francis J. Wallace.

The resolutions, offered by Mr. Hayes, who read letters from Commodores Stewart, and another old officer, in favor of the abolition of flogging in the navy, were laid on the table, upon its being called for by Mr. Hayes, from Commodore Stockton.

FARMINGTON, N. J., Sept. 16, 1849.

To Messrs. William D. Lewis, Isaac R. Davis, Benjamin A. Fahnestock, & Dr. Da Ponte, Committee of Philadelphia, in Behalf of the Friends of Temperance.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, accompanied by a check for one hundred dollars, on the Chinese Museum, City of Philadelphia, in favor of Mr. Wm. Tell, of October next.

I have declined accepting, but have no objection to make known to you my opinions in relation to the Tell Exhibition, as follows:

Nothing can give me more satisfaction than to contribute, in any way, to promote the cause of temperance, and I am a decided friend to the principle that the angel sentinels could not prevent the passage of the spirit of envy past Edict. Satan, seeing to enter Paradise, took the form of a "stripling cherub," and so deceived Uriel, the Archangel of the sun—reader, you know the rest of the story, that stood before the throne of God.

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☞ A peach, weighing a pound, was taken from the orchard of William Huddleston, Esq., on the old Washington road, and Mr. H. has been offered two dollars and fifty cents per peck, which he refused as being a very reasonable price for them.

☞ Not a single case of the cholera has occurred among the Jews of London. This is attributed to their conformity to many sanitary regulations of their own law.

☞ We have read of a Scotch Court who had his statue placed by the grave of his wife over a spring, causing the water to jet through one of the eyes, as an illustration of his continual weeping for his lost companion. This statue stands yet near Copenhagen, and is called the "Weeping Eye."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ONLY TO BE FOUND IN THE POST ALONE. IT IS NO MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post. If they do not feel inclined to exert themselves in behalf of the Post, they will oblige us to *test the same on a first class paper, or on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office they have changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town to which they write.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having the money to our address when they can do so conveniently.

BACK NUMBERS.

New subscribers not wishing the back numbers containing the "Scarlet Letter," will please say so in the form in which they send on their subscriptions. In all other cases they will be sent, until the story is concluded.

STOCKTON'S APPEAL.

We have received and read the "Appeal of Commodore R. F. Stockton to the People of New Jersey, in relation to his claims for services rendered to the States the State and the united Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies."

Either the people of New Jersey, or the committee in question must be very much in fault, to render necessary an appeal like this of Commodore Stockton's.

The Commodore says:—"What I maintain is that no legislature has the right to exercise the *power to repudiate a contract without compensation to the parties injured.*"

Does the gallant Commodore mean to say that in case of a gross and unscrupulous violation of a contract on the side of one of the parties, the other party may never repudiate it—be that party either an individual or a State? Pause!

Does he mean to say that if we enter into a contract with an agent to purchase a certain article for the space of twenty years, and we have not the silliest to that contract, even if it be susceptible of proof that the agent in question is guilty of the most flagrant cheating, that he should have the right to do so with impunity?

So far as we have gone upon the subject, it appears to us that the whole question of the right of the Legislature of New Jersey to repudiate its contract with the Commodore depends upon the truth of the very serious accusations which have been made against him.

In relation to the accusations in question, we another believe, not, with the memory of the United States Senate in our mind, can believe them.

But how is it that such an appeal as this of Commodore Stockton's was needed? Surely it is that public sentiment acts so strongly against the corporations in which he is "the largest stockholder?"

Is it that, as he intimates, of communications, which have appeared in the public prints, and the results of his fellow citizens, the most of them have been written in such a style, as to disgrace the character he assumes. But take away the disguise, correct manners and dress, and you find, and the whole affair becomes as insipid as stale champagne. Harlequins, Lion-Hearted Richards, Count Jeeters, Falstaffs, Sir Giles Overreachs, Hotspurs, Dia Vernons, Bronn Girls, Ingenuousness, &c., &c., are all very well in their place of *dress*, without a word to throw at a dog,—quite chap-fallen." But the whole thing is so full of vulgarity. Even the champagne and sparkling burgundy fail to drown it. It seems so supremely ridiculous to Mr. Smith the good merchant, and to Mrs. Smith the Eighth, that Mr. ——, the tobacconist, who sells the best cigars in town, should appear as the personate Napoleon Bonaparte, that he feels ashamed of his own business—that Mrs. Jones, as Empress, finds it impossible to play her role in the presence of her next door neighbor, the butcher, who has come as Julius Cæsar, every morning chopping eggs and chickens across the counter to the public by the week, and bills the romance of the thing. However graciously the Empress may condescend to the grocer's boy, might flourish his dirkhouse, his lady customers would fancy it was the same treat he gave to the servant girls when he had one of his great bargain" at his store in Broadway. The wages of which these public servants receive, to set often with themselves up in these airy allusions, which are peculiarly the Fool's Paradise of these gentry were published by the Herald, and we credibly informed that more than twenty of the fairest young ladies in town, mingling quite familiarly with ladies and gentlemen apparently in the glasses of fashion and the mantles of form, in its noble exhibitions, fancy balls are productive of amusement altogether inconsistent with the true dignity of the ball. A Roman character, and are only less disgusting to straight-forward, practical men and rational women, than the mawkish, unconscious airs with which they are detected by a certain portion of the fashionable dupes.

MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS.

We esteemed ourself happy in a short paragraph in our last paper, that Mrs. Kemble (late Mrs. Butler) had commenced a course of Shakspeare readings in this city.

In Mrs. K. has not shown the usual courtesy towards the weekly press by furnishing its editors with tickets, we have had no opportunity as yet of judging for ourselves as to the critical intelligence of the occasions lavished upon her by the daily press. Readers and hearers of plays are also so far read being comparatively tame and uninteresting, we are reserving our judgment in relation to the merits of Kemble's "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet," which we have been given to understand, by the gentlemen of the press, are the most successful efforts in her theatric, and fiery declamation in which Mrs. Kemble has yet appeared.

In the mentions we may give the decisions, as far, of the Philadelphia public upon the merit of Mrs. Kemble's readings and renderings, and frequenters of the theatre, are highly delighted with Mrs. Kemble's "Hamlet," and her readings as classic, finished and reduced, as well as full of the expected pathos, fire and passion. Another person, however, who remember Mrs. Kemble as the "divine Fanny" in Juliet, and whose ears are full of other excellences of histrionic triumphs, both in tragedy and comedy, exaggerate the present performances of Shakspeare's tragedies and Julieta—where the more dead body of the play is seen, galvanized occasionally into a kind of spasmodic life, as the reader passes over those characters for which her genius lies a natural affinity.

As many of our readers may wish to know in what manner Mrs. E. makes her appearance as a reference, we quote from a daily correspondent the following description of her dress and manner in the Julia in Act 1.

She was attired in a dress of white satin, and her hair, which is of a beautiful dark brown, was worn a white rose in her hair. She was unaccompanied by any gentleman, and appeared upon the scene, with a warm round of applause. She bowed her acknowledgments and with momentary embarrassment had passed away, seated herself upon a large crimson chair, and commenced her task. The book, however, was not in use, although she had it in her hand, and turned over its leaves with due regularity, she did not refer to it once, and the reading of the play being apparently as familiar as household words.

New Publications.

THE CAUDLE. *A Family Picture. By Dr. Bulwer Lytton, author of "Herald," "Rienzi," "Last of the Barons," &c. New York. Harper & Brothers.* This is a most delightful work. Differing as it does from Mr. Bulwer's other fictions, it gives us the delightful conviction that we have entered upon a new field of literature, and reveals the existence of a new vein of genius, which we had no idea existed in the author. The powers we have gazed upon in his other works have lost none of their interest, in this work it shows us how it is possible to be thoroughly original from one end of a book to the other, although the subject matter and treat. In short, it is such a book as might be reasonably expected from one who, during the past the hey-day of youth, and in whom passion has become subservient to reason and reflection.

Miss Martineau, in her work upon the United States, has a passage to this effect—that Bulwer, with whom she was personally acquainted, was desirous of his social position, being chiefly connected with the fashionable intercourse of the aristocracy. We are reminded of this passage, from the fact that the hero—Caudle—is a man of fashion, and the heroine—Caudle's wife—is a woman of the world, and

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

THE HUNGARIAN LEADERS.

The following descriptions of Bem, Kossuth, and Kossuth's wife, are from an Austrian list of about sixty, circulated by the police for the purpose of preventing the escape of the proscribed patriots:

Bem, Charles, insurgent-general, between fifty and fifty-five years of age, of middling stature, thin, has a round face, a brownish ruddy complexion, a low forehead, greyish hair, grey eyebrows, sharp pointed hooped nose, a broad mouth, round chin, and moustaches. He speaks Polish, French, and German, stoops a little in his gait, and is said to have a scar in his face, from a gun-shot wound he received in Pesth.

Kossuth, Ludwig, once a lawyer, journalist, Minister of Finance, President of the Hungarian Committee of Defence, and at last Governor-President of the Hungarian Republic, forty-five years old, born at Jass-Berengi, in Hungary, of the Catholic religion, married, above the middle height, tolerably strong, thin, has an oval face, pale complexion, lofty open brow, chesnut hair, blue eyes, strong dark brown eyebrows, smooth compressed nose, small handsome mouth, good set of teeth, round chin, black moustaches and beard, speaks German, Hungarian, Latin, Slovak, some French and Italian. Especial signs or marks are, a natural complexion, curls, the hair on the crown verging on baldness, a tolerably broad chest, rather flat than raised, a delicate white hand, with long tapering fingers. His demeanor calm, solemn, somewhat commanding and imposing; his walk generally upright, his voice argeeable, insinuating, and even when he speaks low, very distinct and audible. He impresses one with the idea of his being an enthusiast—for enthusiasm dwells in his beautifully formed eye; his upward look, so peculiar to him, gives additional force to his impression. The energy of his character is not revealed by his outward appearance. He writes German neither orthographically correct, nor right in other respects.

Kossuth, Theresia, born Miss Meszlenyi, wife of Ludwig Kossuth, more than thirty years of age, of the Catholic religion; tall, thin, has a longish face, a brown complexion, a long forehead, black hair and eyes, small black eye-brows, rather a pointed nose, regularly formed mouth, good healthy teeth, a longish chin; speaks German, Hungarian, and Sclavonic. She is haughty; has a proud, scornful look.

THE NEW YORK MARKETS.

The New York correspondent of the "Ledger" says:

It is hard to tell what we of Gotham eat for roast beef, or beef without the roast. It may be a decayed horse, to-day, or the carcass of a well fed Durham to-morrow. Information was given to the Mayor, yesterday, that the half-roasted remains of the unhappy cows burnt at the fire in Sixteenth Street, had been purchased for sale in the city markets. The Mayor, of course, issued a prohibition, but he could not call back what had already been masticated. Strangers, when they come to New York, should beware of eating meats of any kind, but particularly beef. It would be advisable also to eschew rabits and veal cutlets, where cats and dogs are so plenty."

If strangers cannot eat "meats of any kind" with safety, in New York, and if the milk, and of course the cream and butter, are of such a suspicious character as has been frequently stated, it becomes a serious question how persons from other places are to subsist while in New York? Would it not be good policy in some of our butchers to establish agencies for the sale of *Philadelphia* meat in New York?

FRANCE.

The New York Courier, in a recent article upon our relations with France, says:

We understand that as long ago as May last, Mr. Rush, our Minister in Paris, wrote to Mr. Clayton, our Secretary of State, that the President of the French Republic had declared, that if France was to engage in war with any power *it would be with the United States.* The despatch in which this fact was stated bore date the 3d of May; and on the 12th of May, M. Poussin made the peremptory demand on Mr. Clayton, avowedly under the instructions from the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, for satisfaction for the insult offered to the French flag by Commander Carpender. M. Poussin distinctly claims to have said or done nothing more, in all this correspon-

will appear in the same state, and with the same persons moving upon it, as it actually was at the time of the Reformation.

"To the view of an observer from another fixed star, our Saviour appears now upon earth performing His miracles and ascending into Heaven, and thus every moment which has passed during the lapse of centuries, down to the present time, may be recalled so as to be present.

"Once the universe encloses the pleasures of the past, like an indestructable and incorruptible record, containing the purest and closest truth. And as a sound propogates itself in the air, wave after wave, and the stroke of the bell or the roar of the cannon is only heard by those who stand nearest, in the same moment when the clapper strikes the bell or the powder explodes, but each more distant spectator remarks a still greater interval between the light and the sound, until the human ear is no longer able to perceive the sound on account of the distance; or to take a still clearer example, as thunder and lightning are in reality simultaneous, but in storm the distant thunder follows at the interval of some minutes after the flash—so, in like manner, according to our idea the pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether, upon the wings of the ray of light; and although they become weaker and smaller, yet in immeasurable distance they have still color and form; and as every thing possessing color and form is visible, so must these pictures also be said to be visible, however impossible it may be for the human eye to perceive it.

"Thus that record which spreads it out further and further in the universe, by the vibration of the light, really and actually exists and is visible, but to eyes more powerful than those of man.

"The pictures of all secret deeds which have ever been transacted, remain indissoluble and indelible forever, reaching from one sun beyond another. Not only upon the floor of the chamber is the blood-spot of murder indelibly fixed but the deed glances farther into the spacious Heaven.

"At this moment is seen, in one of the stars, the image of the cradle from which Caspar Hauser was taken to be enclosed in a living tomb for so many years—in another star glances the flash of the shot which killed Charles the XII. But what need is there to refer to individual instances? It would be easy to carry it out in the smallest details; but we leave this to the fancy of the reader, and only request that he will not scorn these images as childish.

"As we imagined an observer from a star of the twelfth magnitude capable of approaching the earth in an hour, we will now once more suppose that he can fly through the space in a second; or, like the electric magnetic power, in an immeasurably short time.

"He would now live through the period of four thousand years, with all their events completely and as exactly in a moment of time as he did before in the space of an hour.

"The human mind, it is true, grows giddy at the thought of such a consecutive train of images and events; but we can easily attribute to the higher or the highest spirit the power of distinguishing and comprehending with accuracy every individual wave in this astonishing stream.

"Hence the notion that the Deity makes use of no measurement of time is become clear and intelligible to us.

"When it is written, 'Before God a thousand years are as one day,' it is a mere empty word, unless the idea is rendered perceptible to our senses. But when, as we have done by sensible and actual suppositions, we are enabled to show that it is possible for a being simply endowed with a higher degree of human power to live through the history of four thousand years in a second, we think we have materially contributed to render intelligible the philosophical statement, that time is nothing existing for itself, but only the form and repository, without which we cannot imagine its contents, viz.: the series of consecutive events."

I have quoted enough to satisfy you that this is no ordinary production. As an English critic remarks of it: "Limited as is the space of this publication, it contains a fund of deep thought which larger works on astronomical subjects have seldom developed. It is most logically written. Step by step, from undeniable premises, does the writer prove his point, until the omniscience of the one great Deity is made apparent to our men-

General News.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The following singular and interesting story is from the "Bangor Whig." It does not appear to have been yet as fully examined into as it ought to be. We give it for what it is worth—trusting its truth will yet be farther investigated. The "Whig" says:

An incident of the cholera occurred in this city, a few days since, which, for several reasons, we think worth recording. Among the households which had been entered and stricken by the fatal disease, was that of Mr. Hangley, a worthy Irishman, who has long been employed by the commissioner of streets. His wife, a warm-hearted, motherly woman, was taken with the cholera and died and was buried on Thursday last. Next, a lovely little daughter, seven years of age, was taken sick, and she, too, died. The father applied to Alderman Wingate for a coffin, but for some cause its delivery was postponed for an hour or two; during this time Mr. Hangley returned home when the supposed dead child stretched forth her arms, with the exclamation,

"Oh, father! I have been to heaven, and it is a beautiful place!"

After the surprise and the excitement, she gave a relation of what she had seen, as she expressed it, "in heaven."

"She saw her mother in heaven, and she was taking care of little children," many of whom she called by name, and among them "were four children of Uncle Hangley, and three children of Uncle Casey's. Aunt Lynch is not there now, but she will be to-morrow; and on Sunday I shall go back again."

"But," said an elder sister, "it cannot be so, dearest, for there are but two of Uncle Casey's children dead."

"Yes, I saw three of them in heaven, and dear mother was taking care of them. All were dressed in white and all were very happy, and the children playing. Oh! it was beautiful there, and I shall go there again next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock."

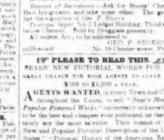
Mr. Hangely immediately informed Mr. Wingate that his daughter was not dead; when he, in company with Dr. Morrison, visited the house, and the little girl related substantially the same story. It seems, too, that shortly after the relation of the little girl, of what she had seen and heard in heaven, a message came from Mr. Casey, in Carmel, giving information of the death of another child, and inviting them to attend the funeral.

Of the four children of her uncle Hangley, two died in this city, and two were drowned on their passage from Ireland.

We called, on Saturday, to see and talk with this little girl, but she was very feeble, and just then in a drowse, and we would not allow her to be disturbed. She is said to have a very thoughtful and serious countenance, and to be a very interesting child. She has no wish to live, but prefers returning to her mother. The father and sisters are seriously but very happily impressed with the relations of this sweet child, and joyfully believe the story she tells.

"I was sorry," said Mr. H., to Dr. Morrison, in the simplicity of his heart, "when my good wife died, but I'm not now, but only wish to be with her."

DIVORCE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The New York Commercial Advertiser infers from the recent dissolution of the marriage bond between Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Butler, in Pennsylvania, that parties by collusion easily obtain a divorce in this State. A husband, it says, has only to complain that his wife has deserted him, and induce the wife to ab-



THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low Terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$ 5.00,	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00,	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00,	"
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Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of Terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. *If less money is sent for a* Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA.—ROWAND & WALTON invite attention to the following advertisement:

DR. CULLEN EVER VICTORIOUS!

As a proof of the continued success of DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA, we refer to a few of the many certificates in our possession, of cures performed by this great purifier.

Capt. T. L. Sanders, constable of South Mulberry Ward, cured of Barber's Itch.

Mr. J. P. Reese's child, No. 83 North Seventh street, cured of hereditary Tetter, which covered his entire body.

Mr. E. W. Maxwell, Grape court, Market street, above Eighth, cured of Scrofula, and fourteen open ulcers upon his body at the time he commenced taking the medicine.

FITS! FITS!!

HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT is the only remedy that can be relied on for the permanent cure of Spasmodic Contractions, Irritation of the Nerves, Nervous Tremors, Neuralgic Affections, General Debility, Deficiency of Nervous and Physical Energy, and all Nervous disorders, including the most dreadful of all diseases that affect the human race.

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS,

Hysterical Fits, Convulsions, Spasms, &c. It is well known, that from time immemorial, physicians have pronounced Epileptic Fits incurable. It has baffled all their skill, and the boasted power of all medicine, and consequently thousands have suffered through a miserable existence, and at last yielded up their lives on the

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

ALLAN CLYDE.

BY FRANCES A. FULLER.

There is a bloom, Allan Clyde, upon thy tender heart,
I know it by a thousand signs beyond thy utmost art;
Thy brow will never wear again the holy look it wore,
Which sought but falsehood stands away, and nothing can restore;
Those eyes will never charm again with all its studied glow,
As in the days of old it did with its succinct coquette smile:
A look has come upon thy face of some constrained control,
That shows thy mood is troubled with a dark unwelcome guest,
And if my heart hath felt a pang more than I felt at rest
To know that thou a'w vexidst he false, the fleeting one was thine,
To see thine aims, and to see thy glorious zeal grow dim,
And quench its splendor while it flamed with fervor at the shrine of
Oh fleshly dark and cold doth seem a temple where hath been
An oracle at power like thy great spirit, Allan Clyde,
And much my soul will joice to fill the dark and empty space
Which having once been filled by thee can ne'er be filled by
But nothing now can ever turn my spirit back to thee,
The idol that I bent before is now no more divine,
And from the unseeing fane surprise my soul hath risen
Too proud and strong to feel regret or mourn for
Idolatry
I would take nothing from the past, nor to the future
add,
I would not ask to be more blest, or pray to be less
sad;
But I could wish 'twere mine to turn thy darkened
wish,
And save thee from thy own wild power of evil, Allan
Clyde!

Oh can the gifts, and proud thy heart that struggles to be
Regardless of its generous gift, its shame and tender
And knowful thy bread high brow and spirit-breathing
Thou gives not to the careless eye, of passion even to
And and powerful the spell of thy persuasive
Thy fascinating mind can captivate the heart!
And much of knowledge of the world thou hast to be
Withal thou art ingloriom still, oh, fallen Allan
Clyde!

And the unchanged that did with its succinct coquette
Through vapid still in majesty and peerlessness of
It altered, and the radiance no longer is of heaven,
But fitful fashion of a soul to restless fancies given.
Oh would that we had passed on! I turned in fact my
With memories that wound the heart and turn the
brow with shame,
For there is not in all the earth another form for
Holds such a proud yet fallen soul as thine, oh, Allan
Clyde.

Selected Sketch.

A MODERN VAMPYRE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Whoever has read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," will be acquainted with the words *ghoul* and *vampyre*. A ghoul was believed to be a being in the human form, who frequented graveyards and cemeteries, where it disinterred, tore to pieces and devoured the bodies buried there:—A vampyre was a dead person, who came out of his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and wherever was so sucked became a vampyre in his turn when he died. Both these personages have been rejected by the modern scientific world as altogether unworthy of credence or inquiry, although, about a century ago, the exploits of vampyres created such a sensation in Hungary, that they reached the ears of Louis XV., who directed his Minister at Vienna to report upon them. In a newspaper of that period there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Arnold Paul, a native of Madvega, being crushed to death by a waggon, and buried, had since become a vampyre, and that he had himself been previously bitten by one. The authorities being informed of the matter, his tomb were ex-amined, and several persons having died with all the symptoms of vampyrism, his grave was solemnly opened; and, indeed, it had been as it forty days, the body was like that of a living man. To cure his roving propensities, a stake was driven into it, whereupon he uttered a cry: after which his head was cut off, and the body burnt. Four other bodies, which had died from the consequences of his bites, and which were found in the same perfectly undecayed condition, were served in a similar manner; and it was hoped that these vigorous measures would extinguish the mischief. But no such thing: the evil continued, more or less, and five years afterwards was so rife, that the authorities determined to make a thorough clearance of these troublesome individuals. On this occasion a vast number of graves were opened of persons of all ages and both sexes; and strange to say, the bodies of all those accused of plugging the living by their nocturnal visits, were found in the vampyre state—full of blood, and free from every symptom of death. The documents which record these transactions bear the date of June 7, 1732, and are signed and witnessed by three surgeons and other creditable persons. The facts, in short, are undeniable, though what interpretation to put to so many circumstances extremely difficult, the fact can not be denied. In all these supposed vampyres were persons who had fallen into a state of catalepsy or trance, and been buried alive. However this may be, the mystery is sufficiently perplexing: and it must be confessed that through the whole of Eastern Europe innumerable instances of the same kind of thing have occurred, whilst each language has its especial word to designate it.

That which in the East is called "genius" has in the West been denominated "sympathetic fly," or "soulmonia:" and this phenomenon, to well as vampyrism, has been noticed by numerous ancient authors; and though latterly utterly denied and scouted, was once very generally believed.

There are various shades and degrees of lycanthropy. In some cases the lycanthrope declares that he has the power of transforming himself into a wolf, or to this disguise—his nature impending to his form—he delights in feeding on human flesh; and in the public examinations in these unhappy individuals there was no scarcity of witnesses to corroborate their confessions. In other instances there was no transformation, and the lycanthrope appears more closely to resemble a ghoul.

In the year 1862, a case of lycanthropy was brought before the Parliament of Bordeaux. The person accused was a boy of fourteen, called Jacques Grenier, who herded cattle. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, came forward on his account declaring that he had attacked and wounded them, in the disguise of a wolf, and would have killed them but for the vigorous defence they made with sticks. Jean Grenier himself avowed the crime, confessing to having killed and eaten several children; and the father of the children confirmed all he said. Jean Grenier, however, appears to have been little removed from an idiot.

In the fifteenth century lycanthropy prevailed extensively amongst the Teutons, and many persons suffered death for it; but as no similar case seems to have been heard of for a long while lycanthropy and gouleon were set down amongst the superstitions of the Past, and the follies and fables of the dark ages. A circumstance, however, has just now come to light in France that throws a strange and unexpected light upon the entire subject. The account we are going to give is drawn from a report of the investigation before a council of war, held on the 10th of July, 1848, Colonel Maximin Fremiet. It is remarked that the Court was extremely averse to entertain so many ludicrous accusations.

The fact of the mysterious office, as they came to light in the examinations, are as follow:—For some months past the cholera has been and around Paris have been the scenes of a frightful persecution, the authors of which had succeeded in eluding all the vigilance that human method to detect them. At one time the guardians or keepers of the public burial were themselves suspected; and at others, the odium was thrown on the surviving relations of the dead.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was the first field of the horrible operations. It appears that for a considerable time the guardians of the place a mysterious figure flitting about by night amongst the tombs, on whom they never could lay their hands. As they approached, it disappeared like a phantom; and even the dogs that were let loose, kept close to some low, cringing object, and ceased to bark, as if they were translated by a charm. When morning broke, the stranger or this strange variant were but too visible—graves had been opened, coffins forced, and the remains of the dead, frightfully torn and mutilated, lay scattered upon the earth. Could the strangers be the guilty parties? No. A member of the profession being brought to the spot declared that no scientific knife had been there; but certain parts of the human body might be required for anatomical studies, and the grave-diggers might have violated the tombs to obtain money by the sale of them. . . . . The watch was doubled; but to no purpose. A young soldier was one night seized in a tomb, but he declared he had gone there to meet his sweetheart, and had fallen asleep; and as he evinced no trepidation, they let him go.

At length these profanations ceased in Père la Chaise, but it was not long before they were re-ceived in another quarter. A suburban cemetery was the new theatre of operations. A little girl, eight years old, and loved by no one, died. With their own hands they laid her in her coffin. Nothing but the lock was designed to keep on into days, and with her playthings beside her; and accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, they saw her laid in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been opened, and the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart exploited. There was no robbery: the sensation in the neighborhood was tremendous; and in the general terror and perplexity, suspicion fell on the broken-hearted father, whose innocence, however, was easily proved. Every means were taken to discover the perpetrator, but the result of the increased surveillance was, that the series of profanations was removed to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. The examinations were carried to such an extent, that the authorities were at their wits' end. Considering, by the way, that all these cemeteries are surrounded by walls, which have their doors locked at night, it certainly seems very strange that any good vampyre of solid flesh and blood should have been able to pursue his avocations in so long undiscovered. However, so it was: and it was not till they bethought themselves of laying a snare for the mysterious visitor that he was detected. Having installed a spot where the well, though nine feet high, appeared to have been forgotten, a party of police officers contrived a sort of *infernal machine*, which would explode if any one attempted to get over the wall. It was thought, of course, that it should explode if any one attempted to get into the cemetery at that point. This done, and a watch being set, they thought themselves sure secure of their purpose. Accordingly, at midnight an explosion ensued like musketry, which perceived a man already in the cemetery; but before they could seize him, he had leapt the wall with an agility that confounded them; and although they fired several shots after him, he succeeded in making his escape. But his footsteps were marked by the blood that had flowed from his wounds, and several scraps of clothing were also picked up on the spot. Nevertheless, they were at a loss to ascertain whether it was the offender, till one of the grave-diggers of Mont Parnasse, wholly preparing the last resting-place of two criminals about to be executed, chanced to overhear some suppers at the 54th regiment re-marking that one of their sergeants had returned on the preceding night greatly wounded, nobody knew how, and had been carried to the Val de Grace, which is a military hospital. A little inquiry sent some dozen of the supposed vampyres to it was ascertained that Sergeant Bertrand was the author of all these profanations, and of many others of the same description previous to his arrival in Paris.

He appeared on crutches, wrapped in a gray cloak, pale and feeble, Bertrand was now brought forward for examination; nor was there anything in the countenance or appearance of the accused to be indicative of the fearful monomania of which he is the victim: on the whole there was a gentleness in his countenance and manner that might almost be considered.

In the first place, he freely acknowledged himself the author of these violations of the dead both the facts and knowledge.

"What object did you propose to yourself in committing these acts?" demand the President.

"I cannot tell," replied Bertrand; "it was a horrible impulse. I was driven to it against my will; nothing could stop or deter me. I can not describe nor understand myself what my sensations were in tearing and rending those bodies."

President.—And what did you do after one of these visits to a cemetery?

Bertrand.—I withdrew, trembling convulsively, feeling a great desire for sleep. I fell asleep, no matter where, and slept for several hours; but when I awoke, I was always extremely hungry.

Second me.—I have sometimes exhumed from two bodies on a night. I then ate my fill, tearing with my hands, which were often torn and bleeding with the labor I underwent; but I needed nothing, for I could gnaw the coffin-wood like a mouse, and at one night and wounded me, but that did not prevent my return to the tomb. This desire would me generally about once a fortnight.

He added, that he had had no access of this propensity since he was on the hospital, but that he would not be sure it might not return when his wounds were healed. "But at present," he said, "I am cured," said he. "I had never seen any one die of the cholera, and I was curious to witness it; but not so much in acts, as in his love of solitude and his profound melancholy that this affectation was assisted; and it was not till two years ago that his frightful peculiarity fully developed itself. During a cemetery one day, before the guard-house, they were conversing a body that had just been interred, when suddenly he sheet-ghost, and the scene of rain interrupted their labors, which they resumed only at night. At midnight, the sentinels, horrible cheeses stared me; my head throbbed, my heart palpitated violently; I ravished myself to my companions, and returned home more dead than alive. No sooner did I find myself alone, than I procured a ladder, and repaired to the cemetery. I had just succeeded in exhuming the body, when I saw a person watching me from the wall. I fled instantly, to inform the authorities of what he had seen, I withdrew, and returning into a neighboring wood, I passed part of the night there. I was certain that were failing, I remained there in a state of profound insensibility for several hours."

From this period he appears to have given free course to his inclinations; but as he generally went to the most distant cemeteries, with which he was unknown, he was never before his proceedings excited any suspicion. And many narrow escapes as being taken at killed by the patrols of the guard-house, which was nightly course to have been almost superhuman.

To the living he was gentle and kind, and was much beloved by his comrades, with whom he lived upon terms and gaiety!

In the medical men interrogated unanimously gave at to their opinion, that although in all other respects perfectly sane, Bertrand was not responsible for these acts. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, during which time measures will doubtless be taken to restore him to health.

In relating this curious case of the Vampyr, as he is called in Paris, where the affair has excited considerable attention, especially in the medical world, we have omitted several painful and disgusting details, which, however, are given in the grave that, beyond a doubt, there has been some connection between the acts of accused belief in goulegon and lycanthropy, and that the books of Dr. Wierd and others, in which the existence of this belief is contemptuously denounced, have been put forth without due investigation of the subject.

Selected Articles.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

There is an even tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength declines, and when the Winter of Age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the Autumn of the year is analogous, and which it becomes, and much should profit every one older brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and Summer of your days are gone, and with the weight of the autumn resting upon you, how much of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the decline of your days, and many years may have been the profession of your Spring,—how much impatience of winter and summer, there—a season of stillness or solitude which is the precursor of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the Past, and look Future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—of temples its vaste with that of Solomon—and the prophecies of the time hours when the leaves fall and the Watchmen of gathering, and the strong men bow themselves—the mercy of Heaven has provided in the Book of Ecclesiastes. And it is to the solemn appeals which lends to the whole of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures and still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

BAR: A lobster, partner, and out-door collector in an eminent mercantile house.

A travelling bagman is the sweetmeat line.

CRAM: The over crammed hope of the world. God's problem starting man's materials.

DOUBLE: A prism granted to many who do not succeed in it, and deemed to many who do.

The breakfast of the poor and the supper of the rich.

FAN: The craft of genius upon society, peculiar seller at night, or by profession.

The reverberation caused by something striking upon the empty walls.

ANECDOTE OF LORENZO DOW.

Standing at a post-office in one of our Southern States, I was introduced to a very respectable looking and intelligent Methodist Clergyman, with whom I entered into conversation.

He proved a cheerful man, and the discourse fell upon the reminiscitation of preachers. I gave the groundwork of the following anecdote of the celebrated Lorenzo Dow to this recounter.

Dow was very sensible of the appointments he made, and sometimes arranged them a long way ahead. He appointed one day at the house of Squire Downs of Upper Georgia, and told his congregation, that he should on that day preach to them again.

The next season, on a Saturday afternoon preceding the Sabbath of the appointed time, the old man was jogging along the main road in the direction of the congregation.

"Why, father, how can think that I am going always to yield my rights? Not I! I am determined to stand up to them, come what will."

"But what is the use, John, of standing up for your right, when you only get a greater wrong by so doing?"

"I shall stand up for them at all hazards."

"Well, John, all I have to say is that hereafter you must furnish your own wagon."

This little dialogue between John and his father recals to our memory a similar little scene, in which we have seen men involved, because they would not forgive, or because they would not forget, ought to be. My neighbors, for example, ought to be my neighbors—because they are my neighbors, not our own individual case, but the case of any man;) but perhaps one of them is selfish, and of a character that I detest and revere I is attempt to work of making him ever again; I should have to make myself unjust. Now, justice is the last thing not to do anything to honour him, which shall injure, or hurtful, my part, of Christian principle, yet I should have to do it, if I attempted what he is. This will save me from many unpleasant moments; and it will save me from the mortification of no benefit to him, and which would greatly injure me. Let him go his own way, and I will go right for me to kill his goose, when I find them trespassing on my fields, if he will not keep them picked. But I shall not kill his goose, and then his sense of gross-killing will not work well, either for his own interests or for mine.

Once more. The members of a minister's church ought to be sincere friends of his, and of good work; really, in every way, to co-operate with him, and to help up his hands. But suppose they were not so, on the contrary, worldly minded and neglectful of duty, or have other qualities equally unlikely. That is the spirit, or spirit of carelessness and love, to take him from the house to disturbance.

But what if reformation should not always follow? Is it best for him to be treated as a paragon of excellence? Is it not a sin to flatter? Is it the pulpit in no measured terms? By so doing, he will only aggravate the evil which he seeks to remedy.

To all who would go through life pleasantly we say, *Forbear and forgive—consider and make allowance for, but relate it.*

POEMS. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE REBUKE.

Oh! speak to me no more—no more—
Nor vow that you love me!
For what you think in to adore,
I feel in to betray.
Your words—your vows—in vain would hide
The truth which I discern,
If wedding me would look gave pride,
Then wooing me learn scorn.

Oh! ne'er commit so great a fault,
Nor wrong the vows you've made
For what I am, or am to exalt—
For what I am not, degrade.
To take me as I am, or else
To take me not at all,
Is all the choice which life encloses,
Must be at God's own shrine:
If such it be, then would love you
Then such a love learn mine.

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?

I waited till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I creeped along the brook side,
And stood in the shadow bower!
When wise should come behind me.
And whisper low and soft,
He said he came to find me—
To you may think he did!

He said, came but he parted,
He'd thought of nought so sweet.
As of the wee maiden—
The moment we should meet
He showed me how he'd chided.
A cottage home my kid:
He said he was ashamed
Do you verily think he did?

He said when first he saw me,
Love seemed to go from eyes,
Each sight he deemed of angels,
And all for me and mine!
Sometimes a vision in sleeping,
Would call him to my side,
And then he wakened weeping—
Do you think he did?

INTRODUCTION OF COFFEE.—Howell, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount, who visited the East in the year 1634, says that this coffee drink luck created a great sobriety among all nations. Formerly, apprentices, clerks, and all sorts of people, used to frequent the ale-house or wine, which often made them unfit for business; but now they play the gentleman in the coffee-house, and sit soberly. Sir James Mackintosh, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, was a merchant of the white nations.—*Chronicles of 16th Century.*

Wit and Humor.

SOME MORE OF THEM LITTLE HOCKS.

The paternity of this story we presume, like that of many others, may be claimed by different nations of the country, but the *little Hop* story has been credited to Ireland. Pat and Mike, or, Mac Mount, some Col. Partridge' now who, not having any with them on Sundays, set up a watch of making him ever again; I should have to make myself unjust. Now, justice is the last thing not to do anything to honour him, which shall injure, or hurtful, my part, of Christian principle, yet I should have to do it, if I attempted what he is. This will save me from many unpleasant moments; and it will save me from the mortification of no benefit to him, and which would greatly injure me. Let him go his own way, and I will go right for me to kill his goose, when I find them trespassing on my fields, if he will not keep them picked. But I shall not kill his goose, and then his sense of gross-killing will not work well, either for his own interests or for mine.

I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a widow and her daughters. The eldest is two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a year. The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman, if his relations have any preference for the church; the two younger must shift for themselves. There is nothing unjust in this. The estate could not be divided without ruining the whole family. Then it is the duty of gentlemen and love, to take the younger sisters into their own houses, and to find them a husband each. But what if reformation should not always follow? Is it best for him to be treated as a paragon of excellence? Is it not a sin to flatter? Is it the pulpit in no measured terms? By so doing, he will only aggravate the evil which he seeks to remedy.

To all who would go through life pleasantly we say, *Forbear and forgive—consider and make allowance for, but relate it.*

Miscellaneous.

LOST IN THE FOREST.

FROM "LIFE IN AUSTRALIA."

Besides the dread of wild beasts, the colonists were long in the greatest apprehension of being lost in the forests, and many fell victims to the fear on every side enclosed. The country long extremely level, up to the Darling range of hills, which are distant from Perth, and are not very lofty hunters or hunters miles at the back of Perth, a few miles from the town, and the land on the side by which to direct his course. Every new and then a bushman who had imprudently ventured in whence him out of his track, and causes him infinite difficulty before he can get round it, and then he is generally in a state of bewilderment, which certainly an awkward predicament; and nothing can be more unpleasant than wandering about their way. When once a man begins to doubt whether he is right, he does not confidence in himself, and the consequence is that he loses his head, and wanders about in a most unaccountable manner, in the hope of finding something to guide him further into the labyrinth of the forest wilderness. Many persons have been lost in this way for a short period, and know how very unpleasant is the sensation. A common soldier used on a morning to go from Fremantle, bargain to sell off the track. Becoming alarmed, he tried to return, but, as it had made a long circuit, and as far as he thought its position ought to be, he went in a wrong direction, and thus increased the mistaken the direction. He therefore directed got at right angles, and after walking a short time, he came to a road, which he took to be the one by which he had come, but which was not; and, as he knew nothing of the country, he continued to walk on, in the hope of finding something to guide him. He was now in the greatest agitation, and his terror was increased by the rising sun—as the north by the correct bearings—on the west by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the south by the day of judgment."

For the Ladies.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

BY A LADY.

I have met with very few unmarried ladies who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of thirty, that their existence was thoroughly objectionless and wretched. Many have I heard express, with apparently real sorrow, the fact, that they could be discovered by no accurate observer. Their circumstances, it is also evident to me, that there out of every five of the young English ladies of the present day remain unmarried, because no man can exist on less than two thousand a year, when married; and how few young men, with only a hundred a year, can be content with the number of young ladies!

Five, six, eight, sometimes nine family generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—for, perhaps, in our *solemn* times lovely and accomplished beings are completely engrossed by the other sex, to whom (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion,) I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a married man—my friend expects me to dine, and what is the use of a cousel of bickering ill,—I don't like to excite false hopes—I study my own conscience—I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a year, and I will not be much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have."

It is no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, the men are not to blame, nor the women—the men are generally young and the girls are pretty; and yet, did you look at the matter in a philosophical point of view, looks, as if they were all designed for companionship with their fellow-creatures, and to exert a most extensive task in the world. Yet, what a different thing was a country dance in my younger days!!!

DEMONSTRATION OF THE AMERICAN ROSIN IN EUROPE.—Mr. Lawrence M. Lawson, of Edinburgh, has travelled much in America, has addressed a letter to the Scotch Farmer, in which he says that which he strongly urges the naturalization and domestication of the American Rosin in France. Spain, and Scotland. He has also written letters in agricultural journals for draught, and would farmers to plant the locust tree, stating, at the same time, that the animal has been domesticated on the Red River, and the fresh found excellent after it has been cut for a year or more. He cites an instance in 1811, in which the animal at four years of age was worth 100 dollars, or about £20 sterling, and adds, and, on the morrow, dragged back, by eleven men, a load of eight hundred weight. The statement was related to these eminent naturalists of the Academy.

Science and Art.

A NEW AND UNCHANGEABLE INK.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

A curious passage in Pliny seems to have led Professor Traill to a discovery which, in spite of its apparent insignificance, we justly consider to be among the most important in applied chemistry, a good, fluxed, black, indelible, unchangeable writing ink. Pliny enumerates among other energetic substances for the preparation of ink, no ink made of carbonaceous matter diffused in a solution of gum. The passage is not at all as I conceive ink, or usually all. the class of moderately rich English poetry to be so perfectly intelligible, upright, and well-principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose any change in the education of a young lady, or the character of her future husband.

In writing to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become governesses, and have been taught to understand these natural affections which, if by some remote chance, one out of the four ever does marry, make them an object lovely as such. They are all allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now, I maintain that there is scarcely any thing more likely to lead to the regress and ruin of the duties. I a woman who the less that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and pretty, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honors of her least smile; but whose to be fixed which expression your poor, pretty, unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years without, perhaps, so much as one admirer amongst them!

Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and by four fortunate individuals, married and hearted beings, having seen all their youthful cantion fail and by, they become useless and unhappy. They have little in life to interest them; one duty—of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on—and—and end' and' relief, and is enveloped in flannel even in July; a third is under the range of Dr.—, or indigestion; and perhaps the fourth, who is made of tougher materials, and lives with her feeling than the others—or perhaps from having something to occupy her mind, in preparing the arrow-root for the invalid, and soothing the hard fumplings, prescribed by Dr. S——, for the other—outlives them all, and finds consolation in the love of her own an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives real value to life. Such is the common lot of the single in the lowest of woman, the lowliness happy.

Then, Miss, appears to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach her, if possible, to love something dearly in all, and, if only because at a more intense black and white than the rest of the world, and ensure him infinite difficulty before he can get round it, and then he will be sure to find it. Cultivate a taste for certainly an awkward predicament; and nothing can be more unpleasant than wandering about in their way. When once a man begins to doubt whether he is right, he does not confidence in himself, and the consequence is that he loses his head, and wanders about in a most unaccountable manner, in the hope of finding something to guide him. He was now in the greatest agitation, and his terror was increased by the rising sun—as the north by the correct bearings—on the west by the procession of the equinoxes, and on the south by the day of judgment."

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 2, 15, 37, 6, is a Town in England.
My 3, 4, 5, 6, is a river in Europe.
My 7, 10, 20, 19, 2, is a well known drink
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a Town in Europe.
My 13, 14, 15, 5, was atound.
My 16, 21, 14, 15, 22, is a Town in New York.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a Town in Europe.
My 16, 5, 15, is a certain length of time.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a Town in Europe.
My 12, 27, 5, 28, 15, 29, 7, is a person.
My 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, is a Town in Europe.
My 11, 7, 15, is a sick matter.
My 36, 37, 6, 15, is a Town in Italy.
My 10, 27, 6, 19, is a County in Ohio.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a Town in Europe.
My 16, 5, 15, 22, 23, 24, 25, is a Town in India.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, is a Town in South America.

My 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 6, 15, 16, is a Town in Europe.
My 21, 5, 15, 7, is a pronoun plural of oneself.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a Town in Europe.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, is a woman's name.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a River in Africa.
My 31, 17, 32, 33, is a great statesman.
My 34, 35, 36, 37, is a Town in Europe.

My whole is the name and title of a distinguished Frenchman.

W. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a County in Illinois.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a County in Michigan.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is a River in Africa.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, is a County in Arkansas.
My 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, is a County in Kentucky.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a County in Ohio.
My 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, is a County in Michigan.
My 36, 37, 6, 15, 16, is a County in Kentucky.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, is a County in Ohio.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, is a County in Kentucky.
My 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a County in Ohio.
My 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, is a County in Kentucky.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a County in Michigan.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, is a County in Ohio.
My 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a County in Kentucky.
My 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, is a County in Kentucky.

My whole was a celebrated Statesman.

W. H.

RIDDLE.

Come all ye conundrum under the sky;
I'm true, or my teeth that I cannot well bear;
Because I am used on the sea and the land,
Yet all things created—the sound and the flower—
Man, beast, and bird, and insect are used by power,
The properties of the heather to create a current,
Yet I am not a fan, nor a bellows, nor yet a tube,
Which the motes and trash fell behind the mote beam,
Instead of having, as formerly, to clean
Now I'm in the fire I'm here to be used,
Yet I am not a musician nor a singer,
Yet I am not a musician nor a singer,
Yet I am not a musician nor a singer